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Drawn by Otto Ruettenik

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

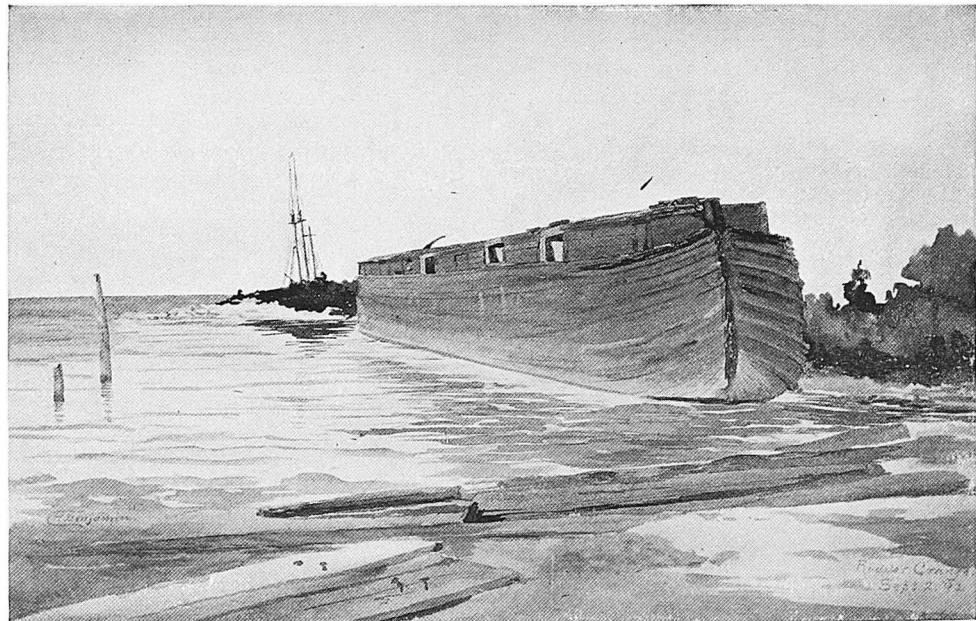
## MY PET SUBJECT

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

*Fourth paper, with illustrations by various artists.*

A GREGARIOUS bird is the artist, flocking rarely by himself, but, on the contrary, seeking his kind, and, if not always living in the utmost harmony with, at least enjoying the sociability and the companionship of his species. So we have the painters' colonies, those delightful gatherings among the mountains, at the seashore, or inland by stream or canal, where the men congregate and while away the time, working or loafing, according to necessity or inclination, and giving pleasant interchange of views, friendly criticism or, tell it not in Gath! indulging in mild scandal.

Many places, to-day filled with the fashionable "set," where tennis, golf, and

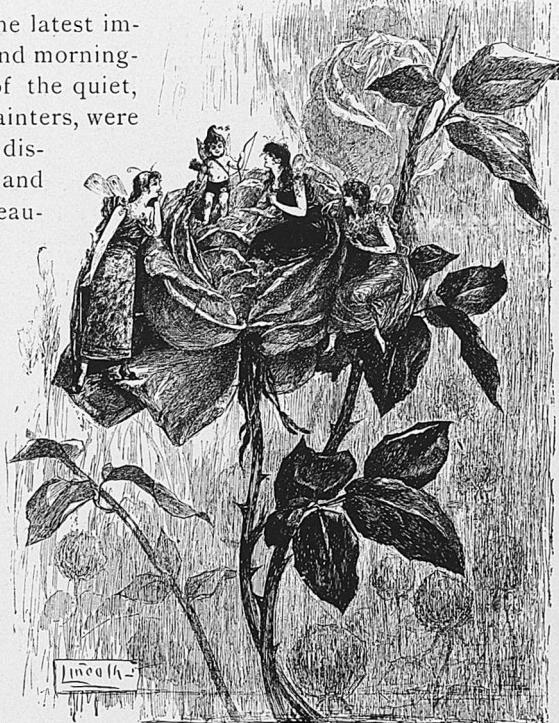


Drawn by C. H. Benjamin

"RUDDER GRANGE"

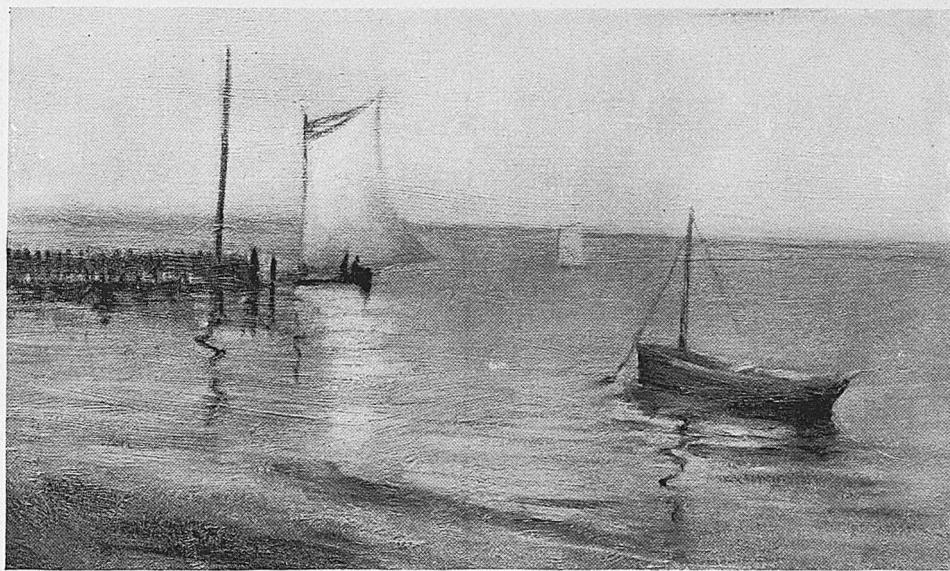
driving-parties, young women in the latest importations from Paris, tea-parties and morning-Germans, have taken the place of the quiet, bohemian, easy-going life of the painters, were discovered by the artists. With discerning eye these men of palette and brush are quick to perceive the beautiful and the available in nature. Bar Harbor in Maine, East Hampton and all the other Hamptons on Long Island, many resorts in the Adirondacks and the Catskills, and dozens of summering-places now crowded, owe their popularity to the taste and judgment of the painters. Unfortunately, as others crowd the artist, prices advance, living becomes expensive, and the men of paint are obliged perforce, to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

To our eastern eyes, the possibilities of the western lakes seem unlimited. Otto Ruetenik gives us an alluring glimpse of one nearer home, perhaps, but yet quite out of the conventional. Here, indeed, must be delightful material, yet to be fully exploited. The growth of the West by bounds and leaps, has brought out in the past few years latent artistic talent, and developed



*Drawn by A. W. B. Lincoln*

A FAIRY STORY



*From a painting by Electa Armour*

AT THE INLET

a prosperous class of patrons to encourage the workers, so that where western cities were formerly wont to look to the eastern artists to supply pictures for their exhibitions, their walls are now hung largely with work by their own men, with motives found at their doors, of prairie, lake or cañon, executed with artistic feeling and clever technique.

In a little New Jersey suburban town, not far from the Passaic river, Frank Stockton evolved his immortal "Rudder Grange." There, in a cosy little house once the home of the lamented marine-painter, Harry Chase, Mr. Stockton wrote out his deliciously humorous descriptions, and told of the old canal-boat that made



*From a painting by W. Verplanck Birney*

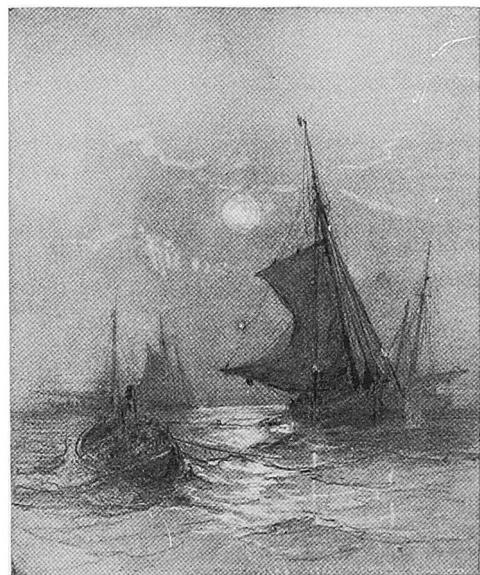
SEARCHING FOR THE WILL

the quaint dwelling-place where Pomona reigned. The ancient hulk that furnished the inspiration is still pointed out, rising and falling with the changing tide, getting blacker with the river's mud, and gradually falling to pieces. It is farther from the sea than is C. H. Benjamin's boat, but it is much the same sort of a craft.

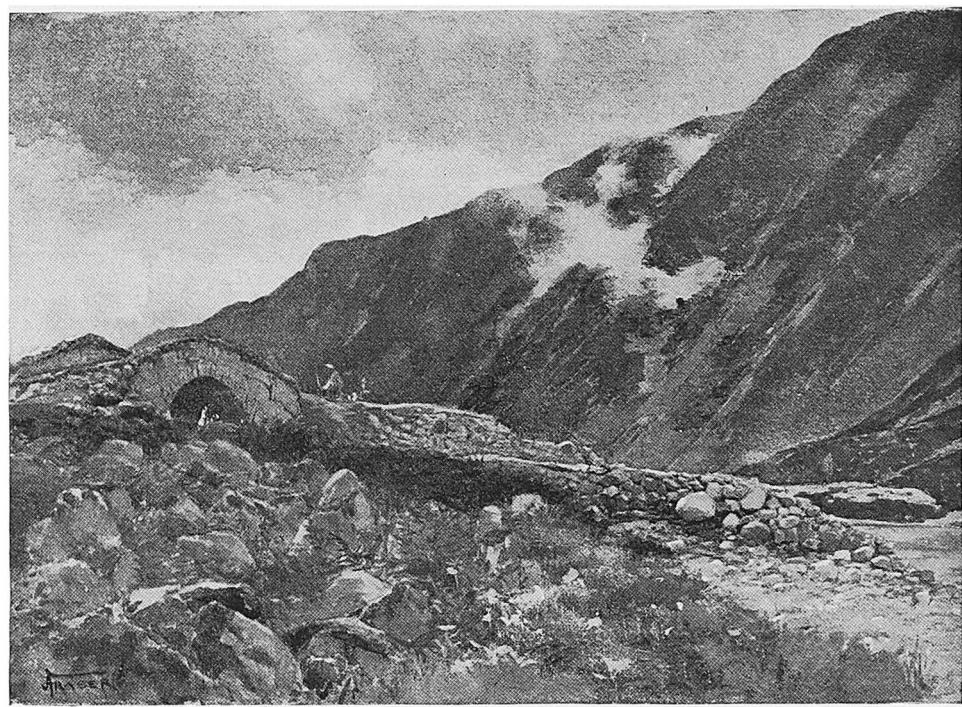
The canal-boat, indeed, is likely to be an attractive object to every artist, for its leisurely habits and rural surroundings fit in with his summer mood yet offer a trifling contrast, speaking of commerce and facts in so gentle a tone that his ear is not offended. One goes by easy steps from the picturesque quiet river to the sterner coast-scene such as Electa Armour shows in strong, vigorous painting. From there to the open sea, with its freedom, its ceaseless movement and its vastness, the transition is even quicker.

M. F. H. de Haas has a reputation almost national for scenes maritime. Alongshore, on the broad and trackless ocean, among the fishermen on the foggy Banks, wherever rise up brisk, salty breezes with sound of roaring breakers, this painter is most at home. No phase of water, fresh or salt, is unfamiliar to him, and his sketch here is characteristic of his work. A glance will show how intimate is his knowledge, how keen his observation, and how altogether certain his touch.

Not only has A. W. B. Lincoln given us a lovely flower, but deftly there has been woven into the scheme a few dainty little figures that illustrate some fascinating fairy-story. The idea is ingenious and the conception original. Verplanck Birney has much invention and may usually be counted upon to tell an interesting story. He has made the most of his wanderings in many lands, and filled his sketch-book with studies of quaint old interiors, bringing back curious bits of still-life, furniture, and odds and ends for his studio. These he combines in attrac-



*Drawn by M. F. H. de Haas*  
THE MOONLIT BAY

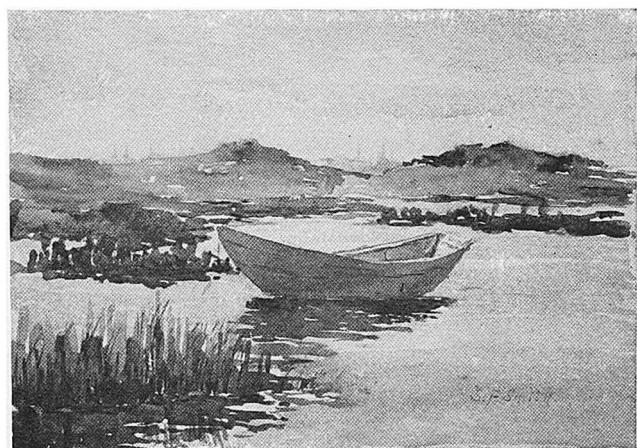


*From a painting by J. A. Fraser*

A HIGHLAND PASS

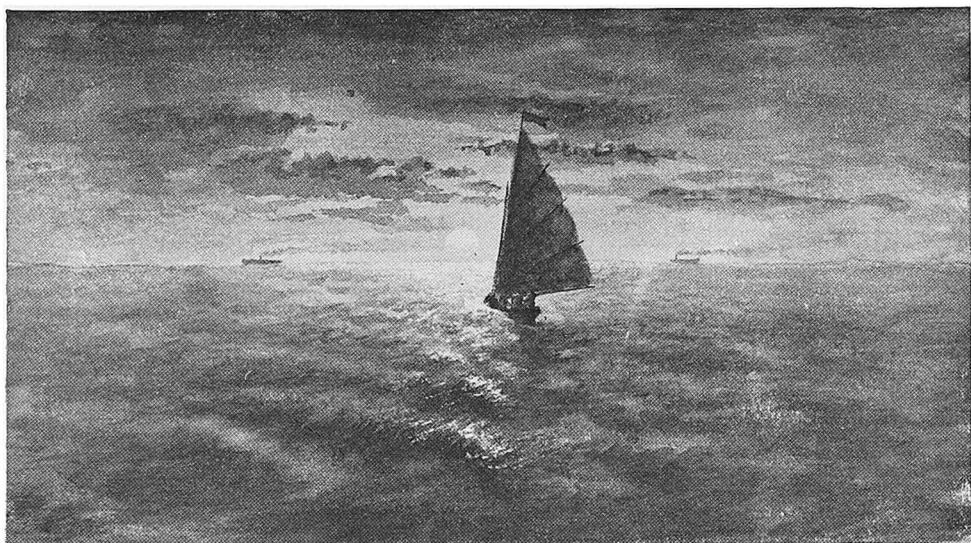
tive compositions, and with the introduction of old-time figures in costumes of long ago, he evolves an agreeable incident or tells a tale that is always worth listening to. His "Searching for the Will," speaks for itself. The dear old granny, the modern lawyer and the bright young woman, are personages in this drama of contemporaneous human interest, as the play-bills would express it, and we may be sure that if we could only see the last act, all would be straightened out in true dramatic style. Possibly William Southworth's violin-player, who should certainly be in front with the orchestra, could tell us the denouement, though the old gentleman looks as if his music was for music's sake and not for a general public.

There is apparently a tragedy in the story Miss Wooding tells. One need not go upon the stage to find such, nor is it necessarily confined to high social orders. Humble sorrows cut quite as deep, and hearts are broken with quite as much frequency below as above stairs. Somewhat vigorous is Alexander C. Robinson's "One Cold Winter's Night," free in its brush-work and full of the movement of snow and wind. A somewhat chilling pet subject this, and one that necessitates much discomfort in the studying thereof. It were pleasanter to turn to Rosalind C. Pratt's more quiet and peaceful oysterman, lazily culling the succulent bivalves on idle waters; or to look at James Symington's "Girl with a Rose." Mr. Sym-



Drawn by S. F. Smith

A SUNNY AFTERNOON



From a painting by Frank R. Rosset

MOONRISE ON THE SEA

ington is many-sided with his brush, and though we are accustomed to looking for an old-fashioned costume in his compositions, he is quite as equally at home when his model is in modern garb.

To be serious is not usually in Constantin de Grimm's line. We know him rather by quaint caricature, where topics of the day, social and political, are hit off cleverly and with caustic pencil. Here we see, however, that he can be versatile, and that under different circumstances he can sweep in a figure with breadth and vigor. William Ostrander has a facility that has no little attractiveness, and in his "Fairy Hammock," he combines, with daintiness, his delicate little girl with leaves and grasses and flowers. Miss Skelding, however, offers us roses pure and simple—surely the sweetest of pet subjects, and of all growing things the loveliest and most fitting to attract the gentler sex.

Venice has always been a faithful friend to the artist. She has furnished material for his pleasure and profit almost since painters began to paint. Robert G. Sprunk has chosen a pleasant and suggestive corner of the old town, characteristic to those familiar with the Queen of the Adriatic, though we miss always the lovely



*From a painting by Robert G. Sprunk  
AT THE BOAT-BUILDER'S, VENICE*

color and the brilliant sunlight-effects that the black-and-white can never give. More within the capabilities of this medium is S. F. Smith's sketch of marsh-land, with its long grasses and boat.

From the old-world Venice, bathed in warm, soft sunshine, dazzling in color, with visions of *dolce far niente* in long, graceful, black gondolas, to mid-winter in the busy cities of the new world, the change is sudden, not to say startling. W. T. Thomson in his "Night before Christmas," tells his story well and brings us out of the dreamland of Italian wanderings to the realism of our rigorous, American climate; and though this sentiment is none the less paintable, the transition gives us a shock.

Many a theme has the holiday season suggested to the artist, and many a



*From a painting by William Southworth  
THE OLD MUSICIAN*

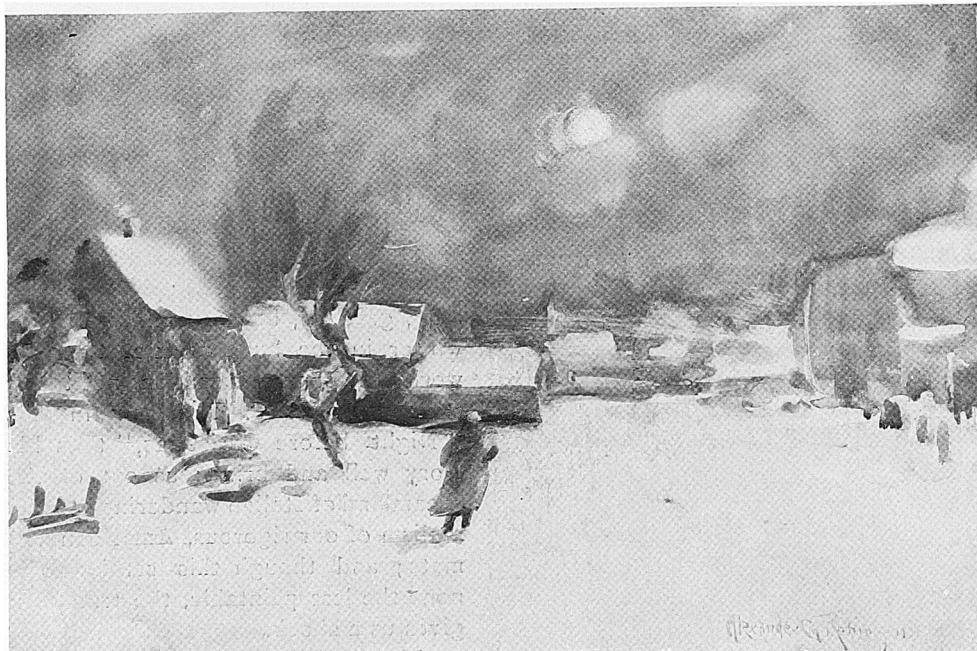


*Drawn by J. J. Wooding*  
GRIEF

one will it continue to suggest, in all probability. The old story of Christmas, ever new and ever interesting, has the sublime touch in it of humanity, that appeals over and over again, and always with the same subtle force. There is something about the time, that draws men together; that warms up hearts and develops kindlier thoughts and feelings. Human nature shows its best side, mankind sinks its littleness and comes out of itself. Selfishness predominates less and the better, grander nature comes out, if only for a brief period, for such is the softening influence of the season.

The hills and crags of Scotland, the rocky passes, the bold, formidable stretches of mountain with scenery wild and savage, all offer to the painter unlimited possibilities. J. A. Fraser has given many evidences of his love

for "the land o' the leal," and the illustration here produced shows his appreciation of the place and his faithful jotting down of the facts. There is a certain charm in Scotland that endears it, not only to every Scotsman, but to all his descen-



*Drawn by Alexander C. Robinson*  
ONE COLD WINTER'S NIGHT



Drawn by W. T. Thomson

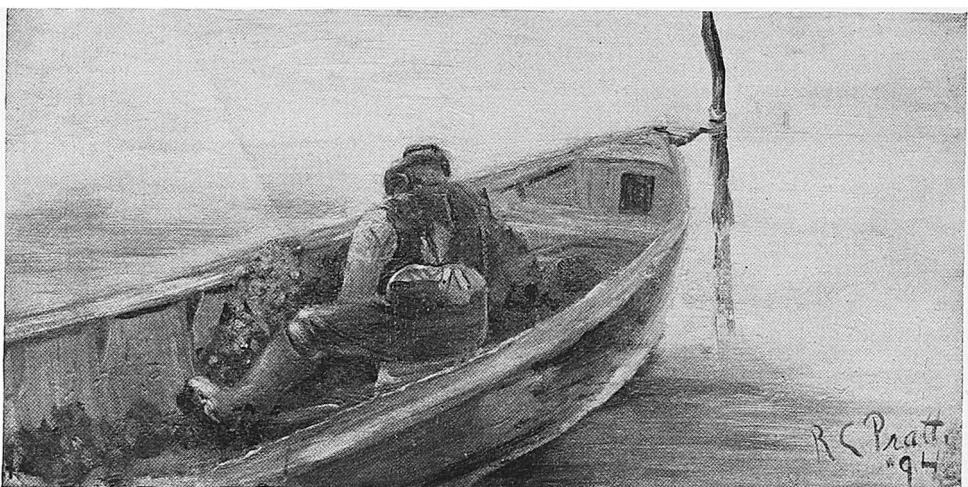
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

dants; that intense love of country so much to be commended and which the Scotchman possesses to so great a degree. No matter where you find him, or what his circumstances, his heart is ever in the Highlands. He carries with him his music, his sports, his customs, and, as far as he may, his food. As for his dear old accent, where was ever there a true Scot who has been known to have dropped it? We hear much of him in these days, in an artistic way, too. His landscapes in the London exhibitions and at his own Royal Scottish Academy have compelled attention. Indeed there is a veritable "Glasgow school" of painters, to which one of our prominent American magazines recently gave the distinction of a long article. Characteristic of the race, are great seriousness, dogged perseverance and indefatigable patience, all qualities that tell with much force in art and carry men very far toward the goal of their ambitions in art as well as elsewhere.

It is a question, however, to what extent racial or national characteristics enter into art-matters. The Latin people have ever led in the fine arts and have produced the greatest all-around painters and sculptors that the world has ever seen, or possibly ever will see. Greece, Italy, Spain, France, these are the countries whose prominence in such matters has been undisputed. Application nevertheless is the great factor, given, of course, the talent. Some one has truly said that genius was the capacity for taking infinite pains, which is another way of observing that hard work tells. The artist who would, as the French say, *arrive*,

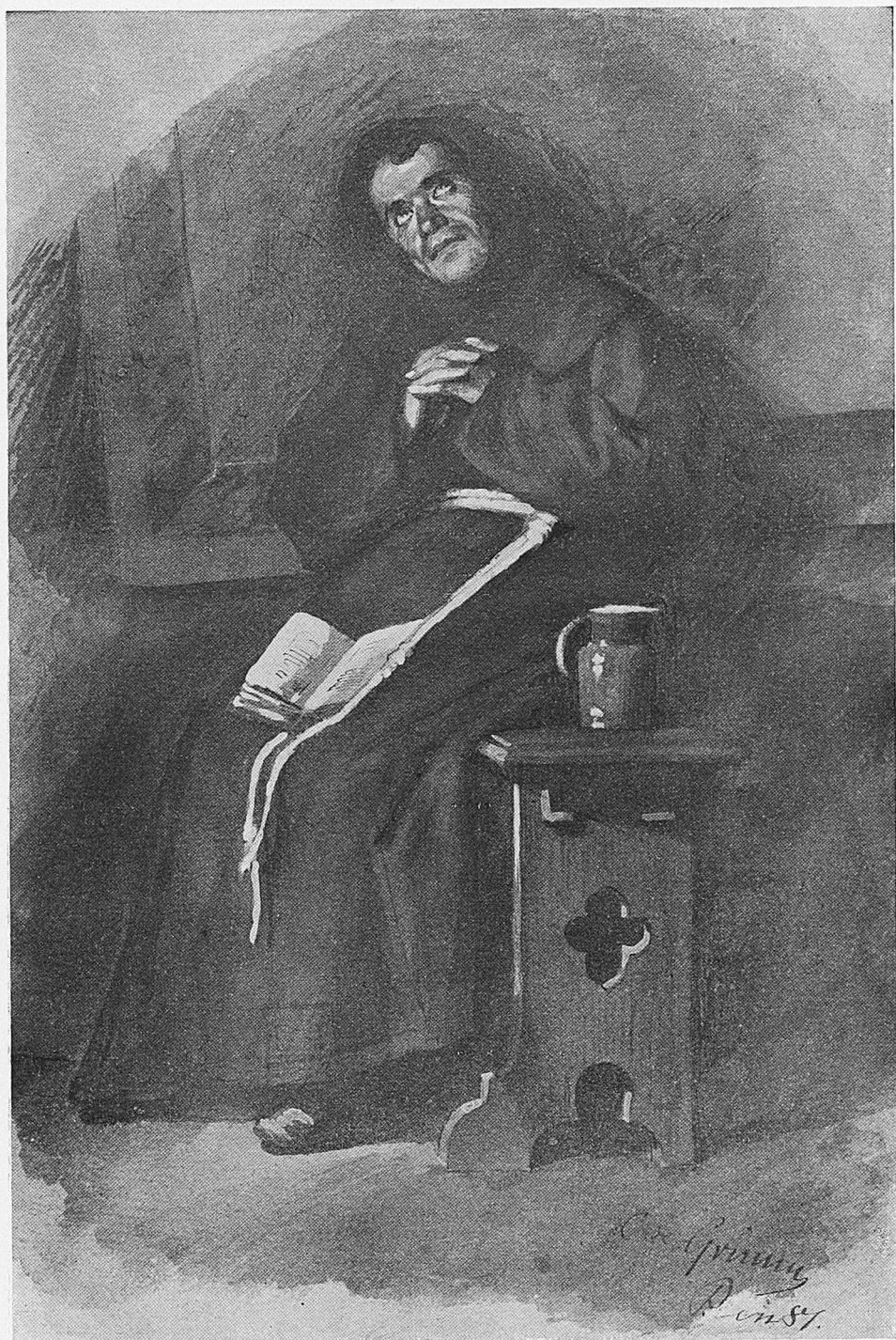


*Drawn by James Symington  
A GIRL WITH A ROSE*



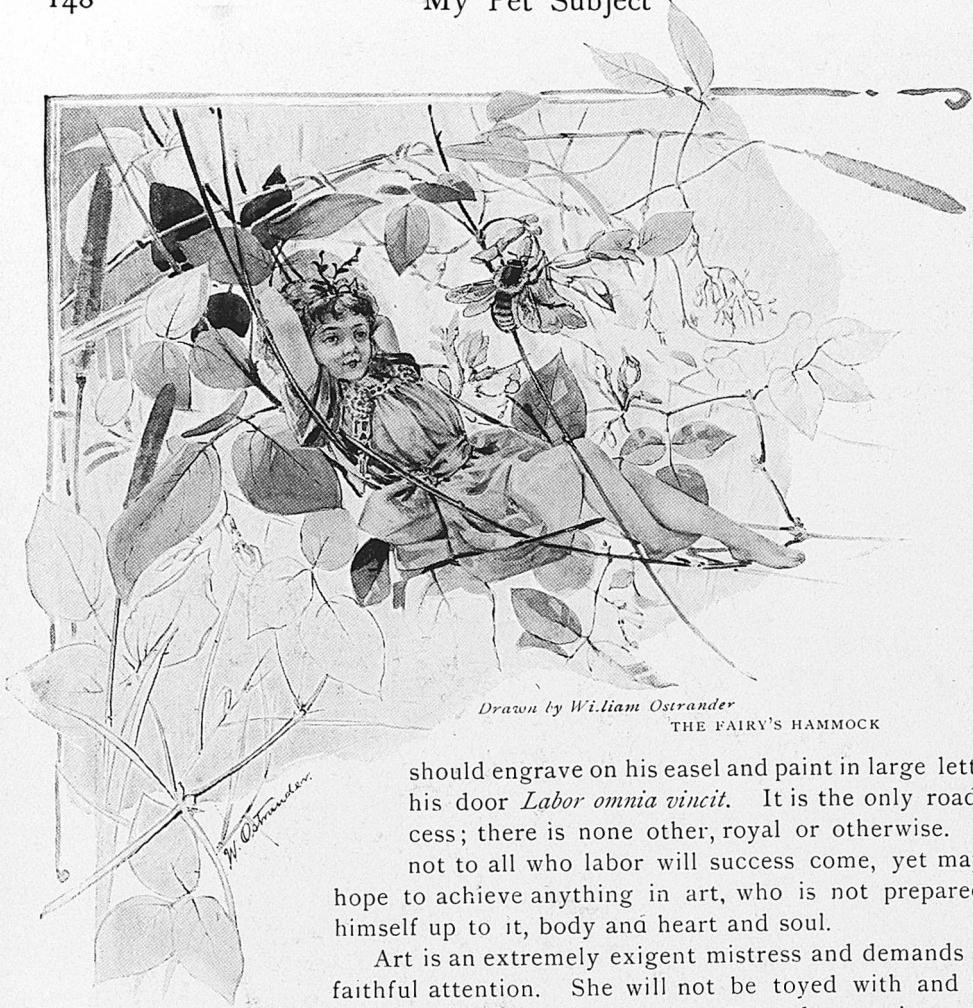
*Drawn by Rosalind C. Pratt*

CULLING OYSTERS



Drawn by Constantin de Grimm

PRAYER

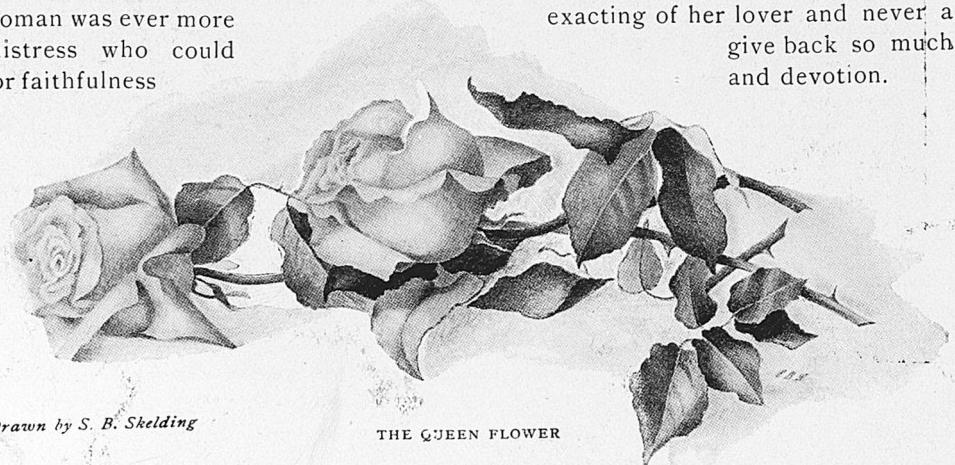


*Drawn by William Ostrander*  
THE FAIRY'S HAMMOCK

should engrave on his easel and paint in large letters over his door *Labor omnia vincit*. It is the only road to success; there is none other, royal or otherwise. Though not to all who labor will success come, yet may no one hope to achieve anything in art, who is not prepared to give himself up to it, body and heart and soul.

Art is an extremely exigent mistress and demands the most faithful attention. She will not be toyed with and taken up now and then, to be neglected or slighted as caprice may dictate.

She demands all or nothing, and woe to him who imagines that anything less than a lifetime of devotion will suffice. No capricious woman was ever more exacting of her lover and never a mistress who could give back so much for faithfulness.



*Drawn by S. B. Skelding*  
THE QUEEN FLOWER



Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. V.—THE MONK'S STORY OF WRONG

Abbot Paulus, formerly Count Egon of Horsdorf, tells kitchen-brother Johannes that he became a monk when Hildegard, his beloved, married Hackelberend, who falsely told her that Count Egon was dead. He shows Johannes a lock of her hair.